

The Hot Dog

(a poem)

Nestled in a bready bun
I'm a little hotdog, hun!
Not too small, not too big
made from several parts of pig.

I come in many a tasty flavor
at gatherings, it's me they savor
With chili and cheese I taste great
you don't even need a plate

Go to the ballgame, you'll find me there
eat me plain, I don't care!
Catsup, mustard, onions too
I greet your tastebuds -
How do you do?

You'll see me at the skating rink
and at the movie theater
You can buy me for a friend
what better way to treat her?

You can cut me up and then
add me to macaroni
Eat me often, I can help
if you're thin and bony

Make me at home, any time
in your microwave
Please don't waste a bit of me
'cause a pig, it's life it gave

Birdtown Comics